

## A JAPANESE WEDDING.

### SINGULAR SYMBOLIC RITES AT THE TIME OF MARRIAGE.

How Two Young People Are Made One in the Land of the Mikado, Where Marriage is Not a Failure—Some Weddings are Occasions of Jollity.

In the dusk of evening the bride, in a carriage, surrounded and followed by a train of uplifted lanterns, proceeds to the bridegroom's house. Hurray for Hymeneal! Every chamber and every room, from nook to corner, the whole house is mercifully lit and ablaze with a forest of candles. Upon the altar of family worship, unscathed gods seem to assemble, descending the beams of flickering light and graciously accepting the joyful offerings of game of the mountains, fishes of the seas and the first growths of the earth. Hurray for the holy union!

Yonder in the best hall of the house, the candles, larger than a man's arm, blithely spread their rays over the new carpets, the new ceilings, the new doors, and the new walls; and in a deep cut niche there hangs a silken panel whereon stand a venerable couple of snow-crowned ages, under an evergreen bower of stalwart pine, praising the rise of venerated sun, emblematic of happy union, pure life, old age, and increasing health. To its left another hangs with a picture of a snow white crane leisurely contemplating the serene blossoms of the pine tree—suggestive of elastic loftiness of philosophic salvation.

On the right hand side the third panel represents a tortoise, covered with seaweeds, trailing like long tassels of golden web in calm rest under a few graceful heron-like birds, famous for their pliable but unbreakable strength—the whole symbolizing the meek but unshakable virtue and slow but sure triumph of righteousness. Then in the center of the hall, on a small lacquered table, are displayed heaps of Kombu, a seaweed of great tenacity and duration, and of other vegetables, equally emblematic of various human virtues, skillfully piled and carved into shapes of a prospering pine tree, a pair of cranes, their nest and nestlings, and so on—indicating the happy future of the union which is now going to be made.

But hush! here comes Mrs. Nakauo, the earthly representative of the god Hymen, leading by the arm the bride, so fair and so modest, blushing under a silken veil; they pass in solemnity through the guests' door and seat themselves before the symbolic table. Three minutes later, Mr. Nakauo leads to the bridegroom, who takes his seat opposite the bride; and Mr. N. opposite Mrs. N. These are truly a man and wife of estimable character and are the mutual friends of the bride and bridegroom's parents or guardians, honored by the latter with the trust of officiating at the holy ceremony.

Well, then, the N's introduce the young people each to the other. Inaudible acknowledgments and solemn bowing on both sides follow. Then Mr. N. proceeds to declare the duties of a man and a wife, and of their wedded life—a solemn declaration, uttered in slow, soft, but penetrating tone. A funny sight, however, looked from his funny side—two men and two women sitting cross-legged on the carpet, numbingly grave over a heap of tasteless weeds and roots! But to see the matter so funny one must be a funny creature too. Looked at from the serious side, how much more profound in its truth than in a mere show of ceremony!

"Henceforward you are husband and wife!" So says our Nakauo; and they become husband and wife. They do not exchange promises, nor do they grasp each other by the hands.

"Henceforward you are husband and wife!" So commands the Nakauo, and they vow each other in unuttered words strict obedience to this commandment, and signify this by drinking spirit of Sake out of the same cup, three and three and three—nine times.

So ends the sacred ceremony. Then the nearest relatives of the husband are hurried in turn to the presence of the bride to be introduced to her. Ah! but now follows the banquet, only not a good, jolly one. It is a family banquet; none but the blood relatives of the husband and the very nearest of the bride are present. It is a solemn, formal one in spite of all the magnificent dishes and sparkling wines.

So ends a Japanese wedding in solemnity from beginning to the end, and I rather think it should. Of course I am not writing of our jirrikishamen's and coolies' wedding, which some smart foreigners saw, and to which they added a little color and introduced silly modifications, and finally fitted up for a model festival of Christian churches to raise charity! Yet I do not mean to say our lower classes marry without any ceremony; only they are generally jolly people, and everything goes in a jolly way with them.

The legal side of marriage in Japan is only this, that no marriage is legal until it is registered at the registry office, and the law recognizes only one man and one woman as a wife and a husband. Japan is not a polygamous nation.

If it is the question of law, Japan is not a polygamous nation. If, as a matter of popular sentiment, the younger generation has it entirely against anything short of total denouncement of the old idea—and what nation has not had its old idea in practice at one time or another? At all events, if the Japanese marriage system seems all unattractive to foreigners, we have still the satisfaction of being able to disprove that silly statement which has of late greatly tickled the incurable sore of bald-headed, false-feathered bachelors and maidens, "Marriage is a failure," because it is eminently successful in Japan, although divorce is perhaps as easy in Japan as in Chicago. But with us this is in consequence of the original conception of what marriage is, open and honorable, and unlike the shameless maneuvering of law mongers! Nor have we that legal fiction called a graduated divorce system.

K. T. Takahashi in Montreal Star.

## CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

Oh, the gorgeousness of autumn blooms,  
The clusters bright and rare,  
Oh, the concentrated sunlight beams  
That blossom on their rare.

Springtime flowers long have faded,  
Summer blossoms droop and die,  
But the gorgeous autumn flowers  
Gold and crimson colors vie.

All the long and sultry summer,  
Just a bank of living green,  
Just a row of verdant verdure,  
It was all that could be seen.

But there hovered ardent fairies  
In the gloomy summer weather,  
Stowing sunshine, dew and laughter,  
Love and beauty altogether.

And they burst forth with the gladness  
Of the daylight and the dawn,  
And 'tis at this lovely season  
That the fairest flower is born.

Oh, the gorgeousness of autumn blooms,  
The clusters bright and rare,  
Oh, the concentrated sunlight beams,  
That blossom on their rare.

Springtime flowers long have faded,  
Summer blossoms droop and die,  
But the gorgeous autumn flowers,  
Gold and crimson colors vie.

—Margie K. Hill in Atlanta Constitution.

The Hermit Had Drains.  
Down on West street the other day  
There was a big truck loaded with boxes  
Stalled across the street car track.

The driver of the truck was shouting  
And lashing his horses, and after two or three  
Attempts to move the load, they gave up  
In despair. The driver of the car was an  
Old man, and, after watching things for  
A few minutes, he stepped down and ap-  
proached the truckman and queried.

"Did you ever see a horse's head dis-  
sected?"  
"Naw! What are ye givin' me?" was  
The angry reply.

"Well, you'd better find opportunity  
some day. You'll be perfectly aston-  
ished. You imagine that his head is  
hollow, or stuffed with bran or swadist,  
but you are way off. Nature gave him  
brains. Let me prove it."

He stepped to their heads, rubbed their  
noses, spoke a few kind words, and then  
called upon them to put forth their  
strength. They buckled down to it,  
pulled together, and the truck went to  
the rails and far beyond. The crowd  
cheered, the car driver looked pleased,  
and the truckman got away as soon as  
possible to hide his chagrin.—New York  
Sun.

An Ingenious School Boy.  
An ingenious English school boy, who  
wanted an answer to an arithmetical  
problem, dropped into a grocer's store  
on his way to school and said he wanted  
certain commodities at certain prices.

After exhausting his list, he said: "Now,  
if I give you a half sovereign, what  
change shall I get back?" The grocer  
told him, whereupon he thanked the  
shopman and turned to go. "Wait for  
the things," called the grocer; and his  
disgust can be imagined when the arch-  
told him he was late for school, and, as  
he hadn't learned his arithmetic lesson,  
he had adopted that method of getting  
the problem worked for him.—Boston  
Advertiser.

Keeps Him Out of Mischief.  
One of the busiest men in Boston is a  
gentleman whose office is situated not  
far from Tremont house. He is the busi-  
ness representative of a New York pub-  
lishing house, and also of a Philadelphia  
agency, besides his family enter-  
prises, is trying to patent an im-  
proved kitchen utensil, is thinking of  
bringing out a volume of poems, has just  
begun work on some encyclopaedia  
articles, and is about to be married.

With all these things he manages to at-  
tend to many other business enterprises  
whenever they come in his way.—Boston  
Advertiser.

Vanderbilt's Chandelier.  
William H. Vanderbilt once sent to  
Paris for a chandelier, for which he paid  
\$5,000. It was very heavy and awkward  
looking. The parts were screwed to-  
gether in such a manner that the screw  
heads showed plainly, and, though very  
expensive, and in one sense elegant, it  
did not please the New York millionaire.

He sent it to a store in New York, offered  
it for \$2,500, for which price it was  
begging, and it was finally sold in this  
city for \$400, and now hangs in the par-  
lor of a prominent gentleman here.—  
Washington Post.

Uses of Safes.  
Foreman Dakota Slasher—I see the  
big safe you spoke of has arrived.  
"Yes; had it hoisted in this morning.  
Beauty, ain't it? Ten feet square on the  
inside, walls a foot thick, solid iron. I  
just tell you, nothing can go through  
that."  
"But you say you can't raise money to  
pay the printers; what do you want of a  
big safe like that?"  
"Oh, that isn't to put money in. It's  
for me to get into when my great reform  
crusade starts."—New York Weekly.

## HERMIT OF THE PLAINS.

### TRAVELERS IN TEXAS ENTERTAINED BY A MYSTERIOUS HOST.

He Is Recognized by One of His Guests,  
Who Is Forbidden to Speak the Hermit's  
Name on Peril of His Life—Subsequent  
Disappearance of the Strange Man.

A certain gentleman, whom I shall call  
Herr L., was sent to Texas from Berlin  
by a syndicate of German noblemen  
who were desirous of investing in land  
for the purpose of establishing an exten-  
sive ranch. Herr L. stopped in Fort  
Worth for a few days, and, hearing  
favorable accounts of the country lying  
northwest of this city, became impressed  
with the idea that he would find there a  
suitable location for the proposed ranch.  
He wished to visit the sections he thought  
of purchasing, and your correspondent,  
as agent for the Houston and Texas Cen-  
tral, which owned the lands, was ap-  
pointed to accompany him. We left the  
railroad at Vernon, and went by private  
conveyance to the tract in question,  
which lay some eighteen miles out from  
that town.

As we left the hotel at Vernon we  
asked the landlord if there was any  
house on the road where we could put  
up for the night should it happen that  
we would not be able to make the return  
trip that day.

"No house at all, sir," said mine host,  
"except that of the hermit."  
"The hermit?" we both exclaimed.  
"Yes, the hermit of the plains. He's a  
singular foreign character, who lives  
some fifteen miles from here, all alone,  
in a little shanty about half a mile off  
the road. He's so mighty unsociable he's  
got himself the name of the hermit of  
the plains. He might take you in, Mr.  
—, but it's one of his peculiarities that  
he can't bear a German [with a glance  
at my companion], and he wouldn't  
accommodate me to save his life."

"A rebel Frenchman, in all probability,"  
said Herr L., "as we drove off."  
We had a capital pair of brisk little  
Texas ponies, all fire and nerve, and,  
the roads being good, reached our object  
in good time, but several hours  
were consumed in driving over the coun-  
try, and, unconscious of the flight of the  
short day, we were surprised to find our-  
selves near its close. Another reason  
for haste was also apparent in the  
purple masses of cloud lying near the  
horizon that threatened a storm. In an  
incredibly short time darkness was on  
us and the entire heavens black with  
the coming tempest. The ponies became  
unmanageable at the first peal of thunder  
and forsook the road, which I vainly en-  
deavored to find again; but the vivid  
flashes of lightning, instead of serving  
me, only added to my confusion. An  
hour's plunging here and there in the  
bald prairie threw me completely out of  
my reckoning, and when at last the  
storm had spent itself and the rain began  
to pour down in torrents, I couldn't have  
told my right hand from my left. Herr  
L. called my attention to a dim but  
steady spark of light burning close to  
the horizon at no great distance from us.

Taking it to be at some house we drove  
the now subdued ponies straight to it,  
and found ourselves before a low shanty,  
through whose unshuttered window that  
welcome light was shining. We knocked,  
and a voice in English, though with a  
slight foreign accent, called out to  
know who we were. We replied that  
we were two belated, lost travelers, who  
sought the shelter of a roof for the  
night. After some delay the door was  
opened, and we stepped in. A man of  
average height, but of a commanding,  
elegant bearing, stood holding in his  
hand a candle, whose light falling on his  
face revealed it most distinctly. Herr  
L. looked at him and at once ex-  
claimed in amazement:

"God in heaven, it is the Count von  
—!"  
But the name was unuttered, for the  
man dropped the candle instantly, and  
springing like a wild beast at L.'s throat,  
cried to German:

"Speak that name and I tell you like  
a dog!"  
L. gasped out that he would not,  
and his assistant took his hands from  
his throat and rekindled the candle. The  
room was furnished nicely, but was  
scrupulously clean, and the plank table  
covered with books that proved on ex-  
amination to be the untranslated Latin  
poets, with a few well chosen volumes  
of English essays. The hermit provided  
us with a supper of boiled ham and  
crackers, and then, turning to L.,  
said that if he would pledge himself not  
to reveal to any one his name and  
whereabouts we would be welcome to  
such shelter as he could offer. L.  
promised, and we remained all night.

There was only one room, and we all  
slept in blankets on the floor. Our mys-  
terious host had little or nothing to say,  
and when L. volunteered some infor-  
mation in regard to recent German poli-  
tics, replied that he wished never to  
even hear the name of that country  
mentioned again.

"I don't ask you who that man is, af-  
ter your having given your word to him,  
Herr L.," I said, "but what is he, or  
rather what has he been?"  
"I will tell you only this," answered  
my companion. "That lone hermit is  
the head of one of the most powerful  
families in Germany. He is supposed to  
have died, however, some years ago. At  
any rate, a coffin was buried with every  
possible honor, and, up to last night, I  
am sure, it never occurred to any one to  
doubt his body lay in it. He occupied  
one of the most important positions at  
court, and I am at a loss to understand  
his exile to these Texas plains, for he left  
a charming young wife, an exalted rank  
and a princely income for that hovel."

"You will never tell of your discov-  
ery?" I queried.  
Herr L. quietly answered the ques-  
tion, of which I became a little ashamed:  
"Sir, I am a gentleman."

I again had occasion to visit the vicin-  
ity of Vernon, and, on inquiring for the  
hermit of the plains, was informed that  
he had disappeared from that neighbor-  
hood, leaving no trace behind.—Fort  
Worth Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## KAWEAH COLONY.

### Result of Three Years' Work by a Social- ist Colony in Sierra Nevada.

Most residents of this county have  
known that a colony of Socialists had  
been established in the Sierra Nevada  
mountains, on the Upper Kaweah, and  
had secured a foothold in the Giant  
Forest, but the progress they have made,  
what they propose to do, and their meth-  
ods are understood by few.

The colony at present consists of about  
seventy-five persons, but is growing.  
Some of them have been on the site  
three years or more, all living in tents  
made by stretching canvas over frames,  
with double roofs and walls, which, ad-  
ded to carpets, big stoves and the usual  
comforts of more pretentious houses,  
make the cloth structures quite comfort-  
able, even in the snows of a mountain  
winter. These tents are laid off in  
streets, water is piped in, and other con-  
veniences are provided.

They have some bits of meadow land  
on which vegetables enough to meet the  
needs of the community are raised, and  
the general idea is to spread out in fruit  
and other products, as well as various  
lines of manufacture, until the colony  
produces about all it will require. The  
scheme also involves the operation of  
valley farms. Thus far they have con-  
fined their efforts to the building of a  
road, said by outsiders to be the best  
thoroughfare yet constructed into the  
mountains. Difficulties have not been  
evaded, but the grade has been followed  
wherever it led. Blasting has been done  
in places where a man could not get a  
foothold to drill, being let down with  
ropes. This will be a toll road.

The society has written bylaws for its  
government, but countenances neither  
churches nor saloons. The immediate  
administration of affairs is vested in a  
board of trustees, with a superintendent  
for each department of labor. When-  
ever a new member is admitted he is put  
at the work he is sent to, and all are  
paid alike, viz., 30 cents an hour. A  
day's work is limited to eight hours, al-  
though a member may work any time  
less than this or none at all if he so elect.  
All work is paid for in scrip issued by  
the trustees, good for supplies or any-  
thing among members—in fact, a legal  
tender.

It is thought that this scrip can be  
made to circulate among outsiders in  
time by placing a premium on it in ex-  
change for anything the colony may  
produce. At present it is kept at home.  
These people believe in neither interest  
nor profit, all articles being handled at  
cost.

Now, while the colony is getting upon  
its feet, it derives support from mem-  
bership fees. A paid up membership costs  
\$500, made up in monthly instalments of  
\$5 each. When \$100 is paid in, the mem-  
ber is entitled to move into the colony  
and go to work. There are many per-  
sons in this state, and even far east, who  
are paying up memberships with the ex-  
pectation of some day joining the col-  
ony. This is true of professional men,  
who are not up to road building, but are  
waiting until the colony grows to need  
their services, when they will be ready  
to serve at 30 cents an hour. Any mem-  
ber may withdraw at any time if he be-  
comes dissatisfied, and receive his full  
dividend besides what he has paid in.  
In joining, one must be recommended by  
two members as of good repute. The  
colony is now mostly American, with a  
scattering of Germans and Swedes.

A reserve fund is maintained to pay  
any who may wish to sever their con-  
nection with the organization. Then,  
whenever there is a surplus, a dividend  
is declared, this being based upon the  
time checks or scrip each holds. This is  
where the joker comes in on those who  
have lollied in the shade rather than  
work.

These dividends become private prop-  
erty, as we understand it, and may be so  
handled or turned into any of the enter-  
prises under way. The private property  
in the colony, however, must be confined  
to a house lot and personal effects. The  
thunder funds if they are secured are ex-  
pected, what is not to be used for col-  
ony purposes, will be turned over to the  
community.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Listening to the Mocking Bird.  
A writer, who has recently visited the  
Bridal Veil Falls in the Yosemite valley,  
thus speaks of the mocking birds found  
in that vicinity: "Millions of brown  
canted birds there were everywhere, un-  
til the whole of our very nature seemed  
permeated with their music. Sometimes  
low and sweet, again sad and plaintive,  
and then full, rich and triumphant, like  
a psalm of joy and gladness, while we  
looked at each other in wondering sil-  
ence. Just as it seemed that the melody  
was unsupportably sweet, and that our  
hearts could not contain more without  
the relief of tears or shouts, the wind  
died away and the water again struck  
with an awesome roar into its rocky hol-  
low with a force that made the earth  
tremble, and was again lashed to furious  
foam, and the song of the mocking bird  
hushed. Thus it goes on ever and ever  
alternately, and has for ages, the song  
of the birds and the thunderous rever-  
beration of the cataract."

A "Settler" for Mrs. X.  
The other day we overheard a table  
conversation substantially like this:  
"What, dear, you haven't heard about  
it?"  
"No, dearie, not a word."  
"Why, you see, Mrs. X (a very promi-  
nent lady) tried to get Mrs. Z's (another  
prominent lady) cook away from her,  
and actually went to Mrs. Z's house when  
Mrs. Z was away and offered the cook  
more money."  
"My, my! What did Mrs. Z do about  
it?"  
"Well, the next time they met at a  
state dinner Mrs. Z didn't notice her.  
Some one who sat between them said:  
"Mrs. Z, you know Mrs. X, do you  
not?"  
"N-n-no," said Mrs. Z, "I believe not.  
She sometimes calls on my cook, I  
understand, but I believe we do not ex-  
change those courtesies. Waiter, an-  
other of the breadsticks, please."—  
Washington Post.

## AN OPERATOR'S STORIES.

### REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD RAIL- ROAD TELEGRAPHER.

Locomotive Engineers and Their Ways.  
The Seared Brakeman Getting "Time"  
from the Operator—An Engineer Who  
Thought a Signal Was Shown As a Joke.

The telegraph operator stopped after  
taking a press dispatch describing a rail-  
road accident and chatted with the re-  
porter. The news that had been coming  
in over the wire brought up reminiscences  
of the days when he had been in charge  
of a little station on a railroad.

"A railway telegrapher," he said, "is  
brought into close relationship with other  
employees of the road, but between the  
engineers and himself there exists a  
friendship that dates back from the first  
time the engineer has signed an order at  
his office or by the motion of his hand,  
as he flew by the office, asked for time  
when he had exceeded the maximum  
speed."

"Several years' connection with a rail-  
road and in the companionship of these  
men has convinced me that a more brave,  
nervy, reckless, daredevil and kind hearted  
set of men do not exist. Block sig-  
nals and traveling train masters have  
eliminated the reckless part of their na-  
ture to a great extent, but the nerve,  
bravery and kind heartedness still re-  
main and will until the end of time, as  
only men of this caliber make railroad  
engineers and stick to the business."

"Some ten years ago, when a boy of  
18, I was located as night operator at  
New Freedom, on the Northern Central  
railway, about fifty miles north of Bal-  
timore. The signal tower was situated at  
a point called Summit, where the road  
was down grade about nine miles south,  
almost to Parkton, the next telegraph  
station; and about eight miles north to  
Glen Rock, the next telegraph station in  
that direction. At that time empty en-  
gines, known as 'pushers,' were sent out  
from Parkton, twenty miles north, to  
push heavy freight trains over the summit,  
follow on to Parkton and push a train  
north. It was the greatest delight of the  
engineers of these 'pushers' and the  
through freights, too, to lay to at my  
office, get me to give them five or seven  
minutes—that is, say they had left that  
length of time before, and then 'fall  
down the hill' to Glen Rock or Parkton,  
as the case may be. Times innumera-  
ble did they make the 'fall' at the rate  
of a mile a minute, but the given time  
saved them from censure."

"One night Barney Riley—a better man  
never pulled a throttle—I think he is a  
passenger engineer now—came south on  
a through freight. He had for a front  
brakeman a man from the country dis-  
tricts surrounding Marysville, the north-  
ern end of the division, who was making  
his first trip and knew little about the  
trials of railroading. As the engine  
stopped by Barney held up his open hand  
asking for five minutes, which I duly  
credited him with. How fast he went  
down the hill that night will never be  
known to a certainty, but I learned after-  
ward that he induced the operator at  
Parkton to give him additional time, and  
that the poor brakeman left his train at  
that station and returned home on the  
next passenger train, vowing that he had  
all the railroad experience he desired and  
solemnly declared that it took all his  
energies to hold on to the car he was on  
and that had the train left the track it  
would have kept going for a mile at least  
across the country."

"The engineers and operators along  
the line at that time, and the operator  
were continually playing jokes on each  
other, and the idea that I was joking  
came very near costing an engine driver  
his life. It occurred in this way: Block  
signals were not in vogue at that time, and  
our orders only called for the holding of  
freight trains five minutes apart. Our  
signals consisted of red, white and blue  
Red to stop, blue to run slow or caution,  
and white denoted a clear track. The  
blue and white block signals were used  
to regulate the train schedule. A friend  
of mine was an extra freight. The extra  
passed my station, but as it was a mile  
or so from the hill, he had stopped there  
as an extra freight. Having this  
second signal a had been consumed,  
immediately after they had passed the  
tower I lowered the red signal as usual  
and kept it down the required five min-  
utes. I had observed the lights on the  
extra's caboose away down the track  
and divined its purpose. To display the  
white light to the next train north I had  
a perfect right, as the extra's shifting  
was supposed to be outside of my juris-  
diction."

"The extra, having concluded its shift-  
ing, pulled out and the lights of the  
caboose disappeared around the bend. As  
they did so the regular train north came  
into sight around the bend south of my  
office and some sudden impulse made me  
lower the blue light. Now, as I have  
before remarked, this blue light was  
never used, and when it was flashed in  
the eyes of this engineer he took it as a  
joke, and as he was a 'feet' late pro-  
ceeded to go down the hill at the usual  
gait."

"He had a heavy train back of him and  
it seems he was not aware that the ex-  
tra was ahead of him. All went well  
until he dashed around a sharp curve  
about half a mile south of Glen Rock,  
when the danger signal was flashed at  
him by the flagman of the extra, who,  
not expecting the regular to be so close  
on his heels, was only a few yards back  
from his caboose."

"The engineer whistled for brakes, re-  
versed his engine and turned to take the  
step to jump when he found the little  
door leading to his post of duty had been  
slammed to by the jar of reversing the  
engine. Before it could be opened the  
crash came, and the engineer found him-  
self buried under the debris of about  
fifteen empty box cars. He was taken  
out but slightly bruised, and thankful  
for his narrow escape. He afterward  
told me he thought I was joking when I  
put down the blue light on him, but in  
the future, he said, he would have more  
respect for a blue signal light."—Wash-  
ington Star.

## Management of the Voice.

Professor Sieber has touched one of the  
evils of the day when he declares that  
there prevails a keenly felt dearth of  
thorough teachers who have devoted  
their lives to the special study of the for-  
mation of the voice, and this remark ap-  
plies just as forcibly in public speaking.  
Our people have yet to learn that a ready  
flow of ideas and the gift of gab do not  
constitute the sole and only requisite of  
the impassioned and eloquent orator.

Cicero, when he began his public ca-  
reer, soon found his voice and delivery  
so inadequate that he gave up his pro-  
fession for a time, and spent a number  
of years in Greece and Asia Minor in the  
study of elocution. When he returned  
and resumed his profession, his voice be-  
came proverbial for its sweetness, com-  
passion and power, and his delivery charmed  
and delighted one of the most eloquent  
ages in the world's history. The severity  
of the exercises pursued by Demosthenes  
have furnished texts for even the writ-  
ing books of our schools, and, as a result,  
he so developed the clearness of his ar-  
ticulation and the strength of his voice  
that it enabled him to speak in silence  
and awe those tumultuous assemblies of  
the Athenian democracy, where the noise  
and confusion were often like that "on  
the lips of the many sounding sea."

Professor McIlvain, of Princeton col-  
lege, strikes squarely at the evil known  
as clergymen's sore throat when he says  
it would seem that he who imagines  
himself to be preaching the gospel, while  
he violates almost every law of oral  
speech, deceives himself and commits no  
little sin—a sin which, like all others,  
does not fail to punish itself. For those  
wasting throat diseases with which cler-  
gymen are afflicted more than any other  
class of public speakers are often traced,  
physiologically speaking, to bad manage-  
ment of the voice; to the violation of  
those laws which nature has prescribed  
for articulate speaking—laws which, like  
all others established by the God of na-  
ture, can never be violated with im-  
punity. This view is confirmed by the  
fact that no more effectual preventive  
for these diseases has been discovered  
than a thorough course of sound elocution-  
ary training.—Medical Classics.

The Falling Leaves.  
As I sat, one autumn day, watching  
the yellow leaves as they came floating  
to the ground, looking so much like  
great, golden butterflies, this thought  
came to me: I wonder what answer the  
little folks would make if I should ask—  
"What makes the leaves fall?"

That evening I put the question to  
Alice. She thought a moment and re-  
plied: "Why, the wind."  
"But, Alice, there is often so little air  
moving that the leaves do not even rattle  
on the trees, and still they drop to the  
earth the same."

At this Charlie spoke, his black eyes  
sparkling with the thought that he had  
solved the problem. "I know! 'tis be-  
cause they are ready to drop."  
"All right, my boy, as far as you have  
gone, but there is something more: what  
makes them ready?"

At this question the three little faces  
became very grave at last. Little  
youngest, said in her timid way: "I  
think they have done all the work God  
had for them to do, and so he picks  
them."

I wonder how many of us, who are  
older, could have answered as well.—E.  
B. H. in Somerville Journal.

A River Pilot.  
One of the many peculiar features of  
steamboat piloting is the shifting of the  
channel. The marks of pilots at cer-  
tain points are a goodly number, and  
are with a knowledge of their use, of  
great value. But the shifting changes  
of the channel is a river pilot's prob-  
lematical condition to the most expe-  
rienced pilot. The changes or shifts of the  
channel are sometimes very sudden, but  
it is, however, a rare occurrence for a  
change to take place in less than forty-  
eight hours. For instance, to-night I  
went down on the New South per-  
fectly acquainted with the channel's  
position. On my next trip up in a few  
days there may have been a change in  
its position. It requires constant watch-  
fulness, hence it may be truthfully said  
that a pilot's study is never ended.—  
Old Pilot in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Most Curious Funeral.  
It was that of Inez de Castro—"the  
most elegant after death"—who was  
interred in the fourteenth century by  
three husbands. The lady was the wife  
of a Portuguese crown prince, and she  
was married by order of the king—her  
father-in-law. The prince never spoke  
to his father again, and when the old  
man died the remains of Inez were lifted  
from the grave, placed on a magnificent  
throne, and crowned queen of Portugal.  
The clergy, the nobility, and the people  
did homage to her corpse, and kissed the  
bones of her hands. There sat the dead  
queen, with her yellow hair hanging like  
a veil round her ghastly form. One flesh-  
less hand held the scepter, and the other  
the orb of royalty.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Biggest Gold Nugget.  
There have been big gold nuggets  
found in various countries, but the largest  
ever discovered was found in New South  
Wales, Australia, on May 10, 1872. Its  
weight was 630 pounds; height, 4 feet 9  
inches; width, 3 feet 3 inches; average  
thickness, 4 inches, and it was worth  
\$148,800. It was found imbedded in a  
thick wall of blue slate, at a depth of 250  
feet from the surface. An interesting  
feature of its history was that the owners  
of the mine were living on charity when  
they found it.—Jewelers' Circular.

Consistency.  
Pater (10 p. m.)—Wife, this will never  
do. You will drive me to bankruptcy.  
Three boxes of candy in Sweet & Car-  
melle's last bill. This must stop.

The Same (10 a. m., to office boy)—  
Here, Frank, go to Puff & Litem's and  
tell them to send a better lot of Per-  
fectos than the last, and that \$20 a hun-  
dred entitles me to a good cigar.—Pitts-  
burg Bulletin.